

HANDEL+HAYDN SOCIETY

HARRY CHRISTOPHERS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Friday, August 28, 2015 at 12.30pm
Boston Public Library, Concerts in the Courtyard
Central Library in Copley Square
700 Boylston Street, Boston

Annie Simon, *soprano*
Camila Parias, *soprano*
Mary Gerbi, *alto*
Marcio de Oliveira, *tenor*
Sumner Thompson, *baritone*
Jacob Cooper, *bass*

<i>Dormendo un giorno a Baia</i>	Jacques Arcadelt (c. 1507-1568)
<i>Ancor che col partire</i>	Cipriano de Rore (c. 1515-1565)
<i>Chi salirà per me</i>	Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)
<i>S'io esca vivo</i>	Orlande de Lassus (c. 1532-1594)
<i>Cruda Amarilli</i>	Luca Marenzio (c. 1553-1599)
<i>Quel augellin che canta</i>	Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
<i>Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena</i>	Monteverdi
<i>Strike it up, tabor</i>	Thomas Weelkes (c. 1576-1623)
<i>Lady, when I behold</i>	John Wilbye (c. 1574-1638)
<i>Weep, O mine eyes</i>	John Bennet (c. 1575-after 1614)
<i>Adieu, ye city-prisoning towers</i>	Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)
<i>The silver swan</i>	Orlando Gibbons (c. 1583-1625)
<i>Fyer, fyer!</i>	Thomas Morley (1558-1603)
<i>Draw on, sweet night</i>	Wilbye
<i>As Vesta was</i>	Weelkes

ABOUT THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY



Founded in Boston in 1815, the **Handel and Haydn Society** is considered America's oldest continuously performing arts organization. It celebrates its Bicentennial this season with special concerts and initiatives to mark two centuries of music making. Under the leadership of **Artistic Director Harry Christophers**, H+H's Period Instrument Orchestra and Chorus are internationally recognized for their performances and recordings of Baroque and Classical music, and the organization also provides engaging, accessible, and broadly inclusive music education in Greater Boston and beyond.

WALK THROUGH 200 YEARS OF HISTORY

Download the Handel and Haydn Society app today! Filled with expanded Bicentennial Exhibition content, a walking tour of historic H+H locations, the latest concert information—and much more.



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DON'T MISS: THE H+H BICENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

Join H+H Historically Informed Performance Fellow Teresa M. Neff after the concert for a hosted tour of *The Handel and Haydn Society: Bringing Music to Life for 200 Years* in the Cheverus Room on the third floor of the McKim Building.

**HOSTED TOURS
TAKE PLACE EVERY
FRIDAY AT 2PM**

PROGRAM TEXTS

Dormendo un giorno a Baia

Francesco Petrarca (1304–1374)

Dormendo un giorno a Baia a l'ombr' Amore,
dove il murmur de fonti più li piacque,
corser le ninfe a vendicar l'ardore,
e la face gli ascosen sotto l'acque,
ch'il crederebbe dentr'a quell liquore,
subitament' eterno foco nacque,
onde a quei bagni sempr' il caldo dura,
che la fiamma d'amor acqua non cura.

Amor, while sleeping in the shade one day at Baiae,
where the murmuring of the springs pleased him more,
the Nymphs ran to avenge his ardor
and hid his lamp beneath the water,
so that he would believe that within that liquid
suddenly an eternal fire was born;
thus at those baths the heat always lasts
because the flame of love heeds not water.

Ancor che col partire

Alfonso d'Avalos (1502–1546)

Ancor che col partire
io mi sento morire,
partir vorrei ogn' hor, ogni momento:
tant' il piacer ch'io sento
de la vita ch'acquisto nel ritorno.
E così mill' e mille volt' il giorno
partir da voi vorrei,
tanto son dolci gli ritorni miei.

Although when I depart
I feel myself dying,
I would like to part, at every moment,
so great is the pleasure that I feel
from the life I gain upon returning.
And thus thousands of times a day
I would like to part from you,
so sweet are my returnings.

Chi salirà per me

Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1533)

Chi salirà per me, Madonn', in cielo
a riportarn' il mio perduto ingegno
che, poi ch'usci da' bei vostr' occhi il telo,
che'l cor mi fiss', ognor perdendo vegno?
Nè di tanta jattura mi querelo,
pur ch'è non cresca, ma stia a questo segno;
ch'io dubito, se più se va scemando,
che stolto me n'andrò pel mond' errando.

Who will ascend for me, my Lady, to heaven
to bring back my lost reason
which, since the dart departed from your beautiful eyes
that pierced my heart, I'm losing every hour?

Nor of such a loss do I complain,
provided it doesn't increase, but stays at this degree;
for I doubt, if it diminishes more,
that, foolish, I shall go wandering through the world.

S'io esca vivo

Petrarca

S'io esca vivo de' dubbiosi scogli
et arrive il mio essilio ad un bel fine,
ch'i' sarei vago di voltar la vela,
e l'anchore gettar in qualche porto!
Se non ch'i' ardo com' acceso legno:
si m'è duro lassar l'usata vita.

If I escape alive from these hazardous rocks
and my exile arrives at a good end,
how I long to turn the sail
and drop anchor in some port!
But I burn like ignited wood,
it's so hard for me to leave my accustomed life.

Signor della mia fine e della vita,
prima ch'io fiacchi'l legno tra li scogli,
drizz' a buon porto l'affannata vela.

Lord of my end and of my life,
before I crush the hull against the rocks,
direct my breathless sail to a good port.

PROGRAM TEXTS

Cruda Amarilli

Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)

Cruda Amarilli, che co'l nom' ancora
d'amar, ah! lasso, amaramente insegna.
Amarilli, del candido ligustro
più candida e più bella,
ma de l'aspidio sordo
e più sorda e più fera e più fugace;
poi che co'l dir t'offendo,
i mi morirò tacendo.

Ma grideran per me le piagg' e i monti
e questa selva a cui
si spesso il tuo bel nome
di risonar insegno;
Per me piangendo i fonti,
e mormorando i venti
diranno i miei lamenti;
Parlerà nel mio volto
la pietade e'l dolore;
E se fia muta ogn'altra cosa al fine
parlerà il mio morire,
e ti dirà la morte il mio martire.

Quel augellin che canta

Guarini

Quel augellin che canta
sì dolcemente e lascivette vola
or da l'abete al faggio
et or dal faggio al mirto,
s'avess' humano spiro
direbb' ardo d'amor, ardo d'amore,
ma ben arde nel core
e chiam' il suo desio
che li rispond': ardo d'amor anch' io!
Che sii tu benedetto,
amoroso, gentil, vago augelletto!

Cruel Amarylly, who your name still
to love, ah wearily, bitterly, you teach;
Amarylly, than the white privet
more white and beautiful,
but than the asp
more deaf and more fierce and more elusive;
Since in speaking I offend you
I shall die in silence.

Yet the shores and mountains cry out for me
and these woods, to which
so often your fair name
I have taught to echo.
Weeping for me, the springs,
and murmuring, the winds,
shall tell my laments.
In my face will be declared
the pity and pain.
And if every other thing is silent in the end,
my dying shall speak,
and my death will tell you of my suffering.

That little bird which sings
so sweetly and playfully flies
now from the fir tree to the beech
and now from the beech to the myrtle,
if he had a human spirit,
he would say, "I burn with love,"
but so well he burns in his heart
and calls to his desire
that she responds, "I burn of love, too!"
How blessed you are,
loving, gentle little bird!

PROGRAM TEXTS

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena Petrarca

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena,
e i fiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
e garir Progne e pianger Filomena,
e primavera candida e vermiglia.

Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;
l'aria e l'acqua e la terra è d'amor piena;
ogni animal d'amar si racconsiglia.

Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
sospiri, che dal cor profondo tragge
quella ch'al ciel se ne portò le chiavi;

e cantar augelletti e fiorir piagge
e'n belle donne onesti atti e soavi
sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

Zephyr returns and brings with him fair weather, and
the flowers and grass, his sweet family,
and chirping Progne and weeping Philomel,
and spring, white and crimson.

The meadows laugh, the sky is clear;
Jove delights in watching his daughter;
the air, sea, and earth are full of love;
every animal is reconciled to loving.

But for me, alas, those heaviest of
sighs return, drawn from the depths of my heart by she
who has taken its keys to heaven.

Birdsong and fields of flowers
and the honest, sweet acts of beautiful maids,
are a desert to me, surrounded by savage beasts.

Strike it up, tabor

Strike it up, tabor, and pipe us a favour!
Thou shalt be well paid for thy labour.
Lusty Dick Hopkin, lay on with thy napkin,
The stitching cost me but a dodkin.

I mean to spend my shoe sole
To dance about the May pole.
I will be blithe and brisk:
Leap and skip, hop and trip, turn about in the rout,
Until very weary joints can scarce frisk.

The Morris were half undone
Were't not for Martin of Compton.
O well said jigging Alice,
Pretty Jill, stand you still! Dapper Jack means to smack.
How now? Fie, fie, fie! you dance false.

Lady, when I behold

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting;
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips or your lips the roses.

PROGRAM TEXTS

Weep, O mine eyes

Weep, O mine eyes and cease not,
Alas, these your spring tides methinks increase not.
O when begin you to swell so high
That I may drown me in you?

Adieu, ye city-prisoning towers

Adieu, ye city-prisoning towers;
Better are the country bowers.
Winter is gone, the trees are springing;
Birds on every hedge sit singing.
Hark, how they chirp, come love, delay not,
Come, come, sweet love, O come and stay not.

The silver swan

The silver swan who, living, had no note,
When death approached, unlocked her silent throat.
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, And sung no more:
"Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes.
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

Fyer, fyer!

Fyer, fyer! my heart!
Fa la la...
O help! Alas! O help!
Ay me! I sit and cry me,
And call for help, but none comes nigh me.
Fa la la...

Draw on, sweet night

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares
That do arise from painful melancholy.
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,
that unto thee I consecrate it wholly.
Sweet Night, draw on! My griefs when they be told
To shades and darkness find some ease from paining;
And while thou all in silence dost enfold,
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

As Vesta was

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,
She spied a maiden Queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherds' swain,
To whom Diana's darlings came running down again,
First two by two, then three by three together,
Leaving their goddess all alone hasted thither;
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana!



H + H

Raspberry Linger

J.P. Licks celebrates the bicentennial of the **Handel and Haydn Society** with a special flavor, **H+H Raspberry Linzer!** Available at all J.P. Licks locations through August.



HANDEL
+ HAYDN
SOCIETY



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HANDEL + HAYDN SOCIETY

HARRY CHRISTOPHERS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

2015-2016 SEASON

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